



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Correspondence.

PARIS, November 5, 1855.

In our promenades in the Exposition of the Fine Arts, we have only carefully studied Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and England. We must now continue, as well as complete, our inspection, and we are, therefore, obliged to hasten somewhat, for the closing of the Exhibition is near at hand. The schools of the South will give us less labor than those of the North. Italy and Spain seem to have forgotten their ancient glory: they appear to regard painting as only a frivolous relaxation. In the Exposition, Venice and Milan seem the only points on the Italian soil where Art is now cultivated intelligently and faithfully. M. Hayez, who resides in the first of these cities, belongs, by his education, to the school of David: his talent is cold and lifeless. M. Bertini, a Milanais, understands better the laws of light and coloring; his "Parasina" is a charming study, and everything in it belongs to the glowing canvas of Italy. The effects of chiaroscuro find a skillful interpreter in M. Angelo Inganni, member of the Academy of Milan: his "Nuptial Fête, near Brescia," is truly a copy from nature, the slightest details being of absolute truth, and the figures showing a great deal of life and action. In other respects, the new school of Lombardy is distinguished by character. This quality is the chief excellence of Messrs. Dominique and Jerome Induno. In their pictures, by turns burlesque and sentimental, they reproduce before our eyes those hordes of beggars, smugglers, and soldiers, who swarm upon the Lombard territory. The Messrs. Induno, and especially Dominique (who seems to be the most skillful) portray admirably the bizarre poetry of ragged gipsy life, except that occasionally, even in their finest pictures, their execution is somewhat feeble. Rome, Florence, Naples, and Turin, have sent nothing that will occupy our attention.

We are tempted to say as much in regard to Spain and Portugal: We have noticed but little in the present exhibition besides the refused portraits of M. Federico de Madrazo, and the archeological drawings of M. Cardevera, who casts so much light upon the Spanish history of the Middle Ages.

Why is it that the United States is so imperfectly represented in the Palace of the Fine Arts? The body of French critics, be assured, are desirous of studying the tendencies of your growing school in America, with a truly fraternal sympathy. Your journals, especially *THE CRAYON*, mention repeatedly the Art productions of New York, but this is the first time that any of the pictures by your artists have crossed the Atlantic to pay us a visit. We hope it will not be the last time. Messrs. Healy, Rossiter, and Hunt, excite in us the strongest desire to be acquainted with those among your artists who have sent nothing to the Exposition.

It becomes me to state in this connexion that for us, the most interesting portion of the exhibition is that which contains the works of foreign artists. We possess in France a love for new things, and everybody here has studied with lively curiosity

the art of neighboring nations. Foreigners visiting France have done quite otherwise; the French pictures alone have interested them; it is our school that has attracted their attention, which has excited their reflections. Truly enough, one may say that no better opportunity ever presented itself for the study. Notwithstanding that some of our eminent artists (and among them Ary Scheffer and Paul Delaroche) have not contributed to the Exposition, the collection of pictures gathered together in the palace of the Avenue Montaigne is amply sufficient to reveal completely both the strength and weakness of our school. Horace Vernet and Delacroix, Ingres and Decamps, the landscapists Corot and Theodore Rousseau, Muller, Couture, Diaz Troyon—all responded to the call. In the midst of such an assemblage of celebrities, new and old, connoisseurs have their preferences and antipathies, and it is apparent now that the Exposition is about to terminate, that certain reputations have increased in the opinion of the public, while others, on the contrary, appear to have lost somewhat of their prestige. Horace Vernet is now, as before, the same learned artist—an improviser with the brush, covering an immense canvas in fifteen days, and who, for his clear, comprehensive genius, will always be popular in France. Eugene Delacroix, for a long time contending with the old school, has finally taken his rank in the estimation of good judges, as a striking colorist and dramatic inventor; he is always new and full of variety, and whatever may be said by certain obstinate spirits determined not to comprehend him, he is one of the most powerful artistic natures that France has produced since the days of Geriault and Gros.

Decamps, the clear, luminous painter of oriental magnificence, exhibits a large number of works. Whether he takes us with him into a bazaar of Constantinople, or leads us to view the environs of Smyrna, he is ever lively, glowing, and attractive; his success is confirmed, and everybody regrets that his wearied hand should suffer the brush to fall which he uses so well. Less fortunate than Delacroix and Decamps, M. Ingres is discussed in the most violent manner. Some compare him to Raphael, and glory in him as the sole legatee of the style belonging to the painters of the Renaissance. Others, while acknowledging the incontestable merit of the master, refuse to admire his pictures on the score of a lack of originality in them, and a too servile imitation, and which, judging the matter from a purely *pictureque* point of view, have the misfortune of being without color, interest, or relief. If I must frankly declare my own opinion, I believe that, this year the detractors of M. Ingres are more numerous than his admirers, and I fancy that the renown of the pretended heir to Raphael has met with a sudden check.

The French school hitherto and for so long a period devoted to the worship of antique Art, has, little by little, changed its views: it is now ranged upon the side of Nature. In accordance with this spirit, its real success is in landscape. Theo. Rousseau has a new and vigorous style in his interpretation of the grand features of landscape; he is admirable in sunsets; he renders skies with an unequalled transpa-

rency; he expresses wonderfully the mystic poetry of autumn, and mingles, especially in all his representations of external nature, an indefinable emotion which comes from the heart alone.

Corot possesses less force than Rousseau, and shows also less variety; he is the painter of melancholy evening scenery and sombre twilight—is more of a poet than a painter. After these two glorious masters come Daubigny, Cabot, Anastasi, and a few young aspirants whose future fame will, doubtless, make their names better known, such as Lavielle, Lapierre, and Felix Belly.

Genre-painting is also progressing. The one who marches at the head of the numerous army is, perhaps, Meissonier, who displays so much intelligence and exquisite skill in his infinitely small pictures. In pictures of somewhat larger dimensions, J. H. Millet must be named as one remarkable for his style in rendering the rural life of our country-people. Eugene Isabey, the admirable colorist, the two brothers Leleux, Trayer, Breton, Fauvelet, and Edmond Hédonin, who has painted a "Harvesting" of great truth and luminousness, are also to be mentioned. You will understand that in an examination so cursory, many excellent names are overlooked.

We must not omit to state that, among animal painters, Madlle. Rosa Bonheur, and M. Troyons have met the expectations of the most cautious amateurs. It is impossible to render with more intelligence and in color, the "manners and customs"—the actual characters—of the humble figures these eminent artists select, to display life animal in their vast landscapes.

The exposition of sculpture demands for itself a special study; it must be stated, however, that it has revealed no new genius. Messrs. Duret and Rude, Dumont and Joffroy, exhibit only statues we are familiar with for many years. David d'Angers, one of the glories of modern art, was not disposed, it seems, to exhibit at all. Barye sends one of his masterpieces, "The Jaguar devouring a Hare." It would be unjust not to mention the "Christ" by Mandon; the "Cain" by Etex; the "Nymph" by Loison, and the charming busts of Iselin, Diebolt, and Prouha.

In engraving, the meed of praise has been divided between Henquel-Dupont, and Calamatta. In lithography, Messrs. Mouilleron, Nanteuil, and Leroux, remain as before without any rivals.

At present, the great question occupying the mind of government, the artist-world and the public, is the distribution of medals, etc. The medals of honor will be awarded to the favored ones on the 15th of November. Several among the victorious are already known. This distribution will disappoint many hopes, I fear, and offend the vanity of many people. Before, however, pronouncing judgment on the labors of the jury, prudence and reason both counsel patience until we have official information. Let us suspend judgment, therefore, and not condemn what we are ignorant of.

P. MANTZ.

If faith has elevated Art, superstition has everywhere debased it.—*Jameson*.